Hunter Becomes the Hunted

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Hunter Becomes the Hunted

by roaming4040

Summary

Will Graham's health is in a steady decline. When he refuses treatment, Dr Lecter takes matters into his own hands.

Chapter 1

It was a cold night when Will Graham found himself kidnapped. As the oak wall clock in his living room struck 10:30, he gathered his wool forest-green coat, scarf, and hunting rifle for protection and made his way to the front door. Before leaving the house, he turns, says good-bye to his dogs and departs. Late night strolls always helped to calm his nerves; the chill of the winter air against his cheek, the soft rustle of pine leaves, the various squads of overhead birds. He found it to be the most peaceful hour of the day- until tonight.

As Will walked quietly down the dark, snowy pathway, he suddenly head a noise that he had never witnessed before on any of his walks-he heard whispering. It was too far away to be comprehensible, but strangely, Will didn't seem to surprised. After dealing with mental illness and auditory hallucinations for years, Will had to teach himself that the voices he heard couldn't hurt him, so he kept on walking down the snowy path. Now, he could hear several voices: "He looks about 5'10''…Maybe 140 to 150 pounds…quickly can one of you measure out what the dosage is?"

Now, will was clearly questioning whether or not these voices were in his head or not. He began walking a tad quicker.

"Shit, I think he heard us…" another voice whispered.

Will now began to run.

"Get the dart ready!" The first voice cried. Will started sprinting, holding the rifle tightly in his hands.

"One..two…fire!" The voice cried and suddenly, Will felt a strong prick on the back of his left leg.

He cried out in surprise, stumbling in his tracks and twisting himself around to get a good look at what had hit him: a long black dart with bright pink fuzz at the end: a tranquilizing dart. In a panic, Will tried to rip it out, but it was stuck too far into his muscle that even touching the tip of it would send a wave of pain up his calf. He knew he only had seconds to run, to get as far away from the attackers as possible. He frantically stumbled to his feet and bolted into the night. He heard the voices yelling behind him and the rustle of several sets of footsteps approaching. Suddenly, Will was overcome by an immense wave of dizziness and began to see double. Before he could run any further, he was suddenly encompassed by a large net, wrapping around his body- tripping him and sending him tumbling through the snow.

He tried to get back up to his feet, but his energy was draining quickly and he could barely move his limbs. The figures quickly caught up to him and their shadows loomed over his body. They knelt down beside him, analyzing the fruition of their work.
"He's not out yet…Can you pull the truck up while we watch him here?" The first figure asked the second.
"Yeah, give me a second." The second voice rang.

The third figure slowly approached Will and bent down, cocking his head in curiosity. Will, whose consciousness was quickly fading, wearily looked up at the figure in confusion and slowly recognized the haunting silhouette of the wendigo. He yelped and tried to scoot back, but the net around him restricted most movement.

“Wh-What are you doing-“ was all Will could muster as his tongue began feeling heavier in his mouth

“Shhh…don't worry, William…we’re going to take good care of you.” The wendigo coo’d, petting Will’s dark brown curls through the net.

Will couldn’t find the strength to recoil from the wendigo’s touch. Grunting angrily was the most resistance he could show with the amount of energy he had.

“The truck’s ready. Haul ‘im in.”

“Alright, I got his upper half- would you get his feet?”

Will felt hands wrap under his arms and a second pair of hands grab his ankles. He groaned in confusion as they lifted him up and slowly into the trunk of the vehicle they parked beside him.

“Watch his head-“

“Anything else, Dr. Lecter? Should we restrain him for the ride?”

“No, thank you Simmons, that won’t be necessary. He’ll be out within the minute.”

Will groaned and closed his eyes, his world spinning.

“Sleep, my precious boy.” The beast whispered before finally closing the door of the trunk and enveloping Will in darkness.

Three days before the event of his kidnapping, Will sat across from Dr Lecter in his office calmly discussing his most recent hallucinations.

“It was all a blur..I was at the crime scene, analyzing the body of Kaitlyn Wilkos and then I blink and…and I’m suddenly in the middle of this forest-the forest behind my house…This kinda thing’s been happening a lot lately…I just don’t know whats going on with me.”

“I see…” Dr. Lecter hummed, taking several notes in his black booklet. “Blackouts…lost time…Will, have you gone to see a doctor about this?”

“I’m with you right now, aren’t I?” Will sat up a bit straighter, clearly getting nervous.

“I mean a medical caregiver, one who could figure out if this may be neurological.” Dr Lecter added.

“I…No, I haven’t and I’d prefer not to.” Will confessed.

“Well why is that? You seem to have no problem attending our sessions.”

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, Doctor, but Jack makes me see you— it’s not completely on my own accord.” Will specified.

“Why are you avoiding seeing a medical professional?” Dr Lecter asked.

“I…I’ve had a phobia of…medical jargon for decades now…the feel of the hospital…the doctors, the invasiveness, the lack of privacy…it’s all just…terrifying.” Will choked. “I’ve barely spoken about this to anyone. I’ve avoided hospitals since I got shot on duty when I was a cop. I feel like when I enter a place like that, they won’t let me back out.”

“I see.” Dr Lecter said. “That fear is understandable, however as your psychiatrist, I’m going to have to refer you to somebody. A quick MRI maybe. I believe the symptoms you’re expressing are possibly neurological. Possibly a blood clot or a tumor-“

“A tumor?!” Will cried.

“Maybe- maybe not. I’m going to strongly recommend you get a CT Scan.”

Will’s body language shifted at that moment, realizing that he couldn’t contract his words.

“I-I don’t need that- I’m sure it’s just nerves.” He mumbled.

“You need help, Will.. You know this. You deserve help.” Dr Lecter explained sternly.

“No…no, I don’t need it. Maybe I just need to sleep more-“

“Will please-“

“No! I don’t know whats going on and I don’t know how to fix this, but I hate the hospital and I won’t go back!” Will yelled, standing abruptly, gathering his coat as he made his way to

the door.

“Will-“ Doctor Lecter pleaded.

“I have to go- I’m sorry, I have to go.” Will stuttered, opening the door.

“Will, I care about you and it’s imperative to me that you get the help you need. Please reconsider.” the psychiatrist begged.

“Goodnight, Dr Lecter.” Will said, exiting the room and shutting the door behind him softly.

Dr Lecter sighed, running a hand through his hair in frustration before finally standing up to prepare for his next session.

That night, as Dr Lecter stood in his kitchen fixing up dinner for himself, he paused, checking his phone and realized that Will had not contacted him about the date for their next appointment. He grumbled, stuffed his phone in his pocket and continued on his work. Then suddenly, an idea came to mind.
He turned off the burner on the stove, took off his apron and made his way to the basement of his home. Down, down, down he walked until he got to the secret medical wing he built for his victims one floor below his basement floor.

He sighed and approached the long, steel operating table in the center of the room, shrouded in a white cloth and blocked away by clear, plastic curtains. He ripped off the cloth and admired the sheen of the clean, shiny table. He adjusted the large light above and imaged all the ways it would be used in the upcoming future. He smiled eerily and made his way to an old telephone on the wall and dialed a number.

“Hello?…My name is Dr Hannibal Lecter. I’m looking for nurses Simmons and Green, old colleagues of mine. Tell them I have a special assignment for them.”

Preparation

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and the nurses secure Will.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will remained unconscious in the trunk for the entirety of the ride.

The drive wasn't too far—about an hour and a half away—but Dr. Lecter still made an effort to drive just a tad over the speed limit. They pulled over to the side of the road once on the one-hour mark to give Will another tranquilizer injection--just in case. Will waking up and kicking himself out of the truck and onto the open road was the last thing that they needed.

Just in time, they arrived at Hannibal's home. Nurse Simmons held under Will's arms and nurse Green got his ankles as they swiftly carry him from the trunk, then through the front door, that he held open for them.

"Just down this way, gentlemen," Dr Lecter directed as he lead the nurses down the several flights of stairs to the medical wing. "Let's get him settled first. Put him on the bed there are get him dressed, please." Hannibal said as he hung his coat on the coatrack beside the stairs and rolled up the sleeves of his salmon-colored dress shirt. The nurses obeyed, laying Will flat on the bed, cutting away at the net around him. They removed his coat, shirt, shoes and pants and lightly draped a pale green hospital gown over his pale, slim body. Dr Lecter stood at the foot of the hospital bed, admiring their work.

"That will be all for now, gentlemen. You're dismissed for the night." He told the nurses, who began making their way up the stairs to the exit. Dr Lecter pulled up a chair beside the bed and took several seconds to drink in the view of Will Graham finally in his complete care. The doctor watched carefully as Will's chest rose and fell with each breath. He stood up, giving Will the one-over before kneeling down under the bed and gathering a set of five-point restraints.

“You deserve help, Will…” Dr Lecter whispered in his ear. He gracefully slid Will’s limp wrists into the soft sheepskin restraints, pinning them at his sides.

“-And if you won’t get it yourself,“ the doctor began, locking the straps around his ankles and waist.

“Then I’m going to bring the help to you.”

Dr Lecter softly took Will’s head gently in his hands a placed a kiss on his forehead before standing, exiting the room, and turning off the light behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Chapter 3 is on the way...

Awakening

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up and realizes where he is.

Will began to stir around 4am, feeling a chill around him and a nauseousness in his gut. He groaned, feeling an itch in his eye and trying to lift his hand to rub it, but meeting with resistance.

“Wh-What?” He mumbled, tugging his arms and attempting to kick his legs. He was enveloped in total darkness, laying on a rough bed, with restraints around his arms, legs, and waist.

He was kidnapped.

“HELP! PLEASE! CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?” Will screamed.

No answer.

“HELLLLOOOO!”

Still no answer.

Will continued to scream for help for what seemed like hours. He screamed until his throat went raw and his eyes became red and irritated with tears. The skin around his wrists and ankles began to rash from tugging and rubbing against the straps.

“PLEASE, SOMEBODY HELP ME!” Will screamed with his hoarse, irritated voice.

Finally, the lights come on above him. His eyes darted around the room, taking in the white walls, clear, plastic curtains and enormous array of machines on the wall behind him. Three sets of footsteps walked down the stairs as the two nurses greeted him first.

“Who are you? What do you want from me? Why am I here?” Will cried.

“Because you’re not well, Will.” Dr Lecter stated, slowly coming into view from the shadows.

“…Dr-Dr Lecter?” Was all Will could say.

“This was the only foreseeable way for you to get the care you need, Will. I knew you were be resistant, so I’m going to have to rehabilitate you, myself.” Dr Lecter explained. “Now, stay still and let these nice gentlemen take your vitals.”

“No! Don’t touch me!” Will yelled, struggling against the restraints as the two nurses approached him with various medical instruments.

“Stop! Get off!” Will screeched as nurse green approached with a penlight. He peeled back Will’s eyelid and shown the light in his eye, checking pupil dilation, when suddenly, Will snapped and bit the nurse’s hand, piercing through the rubber glove and breaking the skin.

“AH!” The nurse cried, jumping back.

“Muzzle ‘im.” The doctor ordered, and immediately the other nurse retrieved a cage-like muzzle and forcibly wrapped it around Will’s head, buckling it behind him.

“It’s best you don’t speak either, Will. I bet your throat is rather hoarse.” Dr Lecter advised.

The nurses apprehensibly approached Will again, wrapping a blood-pressure cuff around his right bicep, attaching several heart monitor leads to his chest, sticking an IV in his arm, and a

clip on his finger. Will struggled to avoid the nurse's hands, but it was no use. He thrashed his head from side to side on his pillow, trying to wiggle himself free of the dehumanizing mask.

"Calm down, Will! Can't you see we're trying to help you?" Dr Lecter growled.

"I never asked for your help." Will grumbled back.

Dr Lecter smiled and turned to the nurses. *"Call the hospital and reserve an CT scan for tomorrow afternoon, please,"* he whispered.

The thought of entering a real hospital sent Will's heart pounding with panic, setting off the heart monitor next to him.

"Will, calm yourself." Dr Lecter snapped.

"GET THIS SHIT OFF ME! I DON'T WANT THIS!" He yelled.

"If you're not able to control yourself, I'll be forced to sedate you. You don't want that, now do you?" The doctor warned.

Will slowly stopped withering.

"That's right. Now get some rest. We'll be back in an hour after the IV runs out." Dr Lecter said.

"Wait- What is this- What are you putting in me?" Will asks frantically, lifting his head to look at the doctor, which had becomes much more difficult due to the heavy muzzle on his face.

“Relax, Will. It’s just saline with a bit of anti-viral therapy. You may feel a bit drowsy, as that is a side effect.”

“Ughhh…” Will groaned in frustration, slamming his head back down against the pillow in frustration, staring up at the ceiling.

“You’l be fine. A little drowsiness may be helpful for your insomnia. Just try to get some rest while you can. We’ll be back in an hour.” Dr Lecter said, following the two nurses up the stairs, turning off the basement lights.

The faint glow of the heart monitor and the little red dot of the security camera on the wall were the only sources of lights in the room. Now knowing he was alone, Will broke down into sobs until the drug hushed him to sleep.

The Escape

Chapter Summary

Will tries to fight back- and fails miserably.

(((TW for suicide attempt)))

Will was startled awake by a sharp prick in his arm.

His eyes shot open to find one of the nurses inserting a needle into the crook of his left arm. “Just blood work.” The nurse replied, filling up several small containers. Dr Lecter appeared behind him with a small plate of scrambled eggs.

“I brought you some breakfast. Let’s see if you can keep it down.” Dr Lecter said, sitting on the side of the bed. One of the nurses slid a hand behind Will’s head and slowly unbuckled the muzzle and took it off. “If you bite me or either of the nurses again, I will wire your mouth shut and stick a feeding tube in you.” Dr Lecter threatened.

Will gulped and nodded as the doctor slowly removed Will’s wrist and waist restraints, allowing him to sit up. He propped several pillows behind his back and handed him the ceramic plate with a plastic fork and knife.

“Thanks.” Will mumbled, taking the plate of eggs.

“You must be hungry. It’s been a good thirteen hours since you’ve last eaten.” Dr Lecter commented, taking out a small black notebook and jotting down the numbers on the heart monitor behind Will.

As Will ate, he scanned around the room, eyeing the staircase and the positions of both Dr Lecter and the nurses. He calculated in a his head a possible route of escape and on the count

of three, he suddenly smashed the plate on the floor, grabbed a shard, swiped it across both his ankle restraints, ripping them open, and tumbling out of bed.

Dr Lecter and the nurses jumped, quickly approaching him until Will suddenly held the shard of plate to his throat.

“Stay back!” Will yelled.

Dr Lecter and the nurses paused.

“Stay back or I’ll slit my own throat- I swear to god!”

“Will please-“

“Unlock the door!” Will yelled, eyeing the exit up the stairs while reaching down his hospital gown and ripping the heart monitor leads off, causing it to let out a sharp flat-lining sound.

Dr Lecter hesitated, but then turned to one of the nurses behind him and nodded. Nurse Green quickly scrambled up the stairs, Will following closely behind him. As soon as the door was opened, Will bolted down the hallway, the shard still in his grasp.

“After him! Don’t let him escape!” Dr Lecter’s voice echoed behind him.

Will sprinted through the kitchen, quickly grabbing a Japanese sashimi bōchō knife from the knife wrack and held it out in front of him. Dr Lecter and the two nurses appeared in the doorway.

“I know you’re not here to help me.” Will sobbed, tears running down his cheeks.

“Will, you’re not well, please-“

“I’m not well?! I’M NOT WELL?!” Will yelled. “I TOLD YOU I WOULDN’T GO BACK TO THE HOSPITAL. I TOLD YOU I DIDN’T WANT THIS!”

“Will, you’re being hysterical. Listen to yourself.”

“I’M NOT GOING TO LET YOU KEEP ME HERE—LIKE SOME SORT OF EXPERIMENT!” Will sobbed, finally bringing the knife to his neck.

“NO!” Hannibal yelled as Will proceeded to slit his own throat.

Hannibal and the nurses all jumped on Will, Hannibal carrying him bridal style while one nurse holds his neck to stop the bleeding.

Will coughed and sputtered, trying to push Hannibal and the nurses away, but his energy was quickly fading. They ran down the stairs and the nurses quickly transferred Will to the operating table.

“Get the fuck away fr’m me…” Will mumbled, his voice slurring.

Hannibal rolled up his sleeves and turned to the nurses. “Get him prepped for emergency surgery- but only give him the local anesthesia. I want him awake for this.”

“Fuck you! Just fuck you!” Will yelled from the operating table as the nurses pinned down his wrists and ankles and began wiping away the blood and inserting a long needle into his neck, numbing the area.

Hannibal donned his green smock, disinfected his hands and brought over a table full of medical instruments.

“You do understand why I’m keeping you awake for this, don’t you, Will?” Hannibal asked.

Will only groaned in reply as one of the nurses dug in to clean the wound.

“You must understand that my goal for you is rehabilitation. I am willing to wait however long that takes. And if it takes forever, I’m willing to make that sacrifice.” Dr Lecter stated. “Get him a blood transfusion—type AB.”

“Why are you doing this to me…” Will whispered.

Hannibal paused, watching his patient carefully as the nurses re-attached him to the monitors again.

“You are different. Beautifully unique.” Dr Lecter stated. “I want to see more of you. Now, say ‘ah.”

Will furrowed his brow. “Wha-“

Suddenly, Hannibal stuck a long, plastic tube down his throat. Will choked and strained against the restraints. He let out a muffled scream as the doctor proceeded to intubate him.

“You forget I’m a skilled surgeon. Hurting yourself will only make my loose my trust in you further.” Hannibal informed, turning on the ventilator, forcing cold oxygen down Will’s throat and into his lungs. Will let out a muffled cry and writhed on the table as Hannibal began working on the wound. Will couldn’t feel a thing.

He could only groan occasionally, twitch his fingers, or glare at the doctor as he began to sew up the laceration. Before he knew it, Hannibal had added the final stitches to Will’s neck. “There we go, all done.” Hannibal concluded, placing a large, white bandage around his neck.”

“Good…good…Now roll him over on his stomach please.” Hannibal directed.

Will’s eyes shot open in confusion and pain whilst the nurses held him down and untied the bonds. They gently pushed him on his side and then lifted him gently on to his stomach. Will grunted, the tube still lodged tightly in his throat. If he knew correctly from the brief emergency medical training he went through at the police academy, being intubated in this position would be considered dangerous. He figured Hannibal knew this already, but it didn’t matter. He wouldn’t let him suffocate.

“You’ve proven yourself to not only be mentally unstable, but suicidal as well. This means we will need to heighten our security.” Hannibal informed. “So while you’re here on my table, we might as well make some precautions..."

Will moaned as the nurses suddenly tied his arms and legs down again.

“Get me another shot of local anesthetic and a fresh scalpel.” Hannibal ordered.

Will tried to struggle, but the amount of blood loss he’d experienced left him weak and malleable. He had absolutely no idea what Doctor Lecter was planning to do to him and the heightened anxiety sent the heart monitor beeping even quicker.

He winced at the prick of a needle between his shoulder blades and not too long after, he felt a light pressure bloom on his upper back. “Just a small incision…” he heard Hannibal mumble.

Will only groaned and twitched his fingers slightly.

“Hand me the tracking chip please, Green?” Hannibal asked the nurse and suddenly Will realized what was happening. He tried to struggle or make the job as difficult for Hannibal as possible, but Hannibal held a sturdy hand over his right shoulder blade, steadying him.

“Now to attach it to the rhomboid muscle…” Dr Lecter mumbled to himself.

Will heard the soft clacking of metal and a new kind of pressure blossomed from his back- almost like a digging sensation. Suddenly, a small high-pitched beep emitted from the device in his back.

“Good. Now that it’s activated, all there is to do is sew you up.” Dr Lecter said proudly.

Will finally let go and began to sob.

“You’ve done very well, darling. Now, if you try and run away again, we’ll always know where to find you. I designed this contraption myself. It’s a tiny little thing, but it has ten powerful doses of general anesthetic. You see, the device is connected to an application on my phone, so if you escape the premises, with the press of a button, I can administer a dose into your bloodstream, rendering you unconscious until we can use the tracking system to find you.”

“I hate you.” Will tried to say through the tube in his mouth, but it ended up coming out as *"huh-hah-yoh."*

Hannibal didn’t reply, but simply continued his work until the stitches were complete and a large white bandage was wrapped around Will’s upper torso.

“Excellent.” Hannibal concluded before turning to the nurses again. “Please put Mr Graham back to bed.”

One nurse removed Will’s restraints and rolled Will gently on his back. The local anesthetic was still very much present in his back area, so turning over and applying pressure on the wound didn’t hurt as much as Will would expect. One nurse lifted him from the table fire-fighter style, while the other held Will’s IV and blood transfusion bags and transferred them to the IV pole beside the hospital bed. He was restrained yet again, and tucked in under the covers.

"For safety reasons I'm going to leave you intubated for the rest of the day. Just until your neck heals a bit more..."

Dr Lecter approached the bed with a large syringe filled with who knows what.

Will's eyes widened at the sight of the needle and he began getting increasingly visibly anxious.

“You need rest to heal,” he sighed and injected the syringe’s contents into the IV line. “This’ll help you sleep.” He explained, disposing the syringe and watching Will carefully for the results. Will’s eyelids suddenly seemed increasingly heavier as the seconds passed. He heard Hannibal turn around and discuss with the two nurses.

“He should be out for the next few hours. One of you stay down here and keep a close eye on him. Don’t take the restraints off unless I order you to do so. For now, just let him rest. God knows he’ll need it for tomorrow,” Dr Lecter’s voice softly hummed in the background and Will was swiftly knocked out.

The MRI Scan

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and the nurses take Will to get an MRI. Will is terrified.

Will awoke groggy and unfocused back on the bed, only it wasn't a bed—it was moving. The tube was still lodged in his throat, giving him no way to speak without intense pain. He coughed and sputtered a bit as he slowly regained consciousness.

"Ah…you're awake." Dr Lecter's voice hummed. "Good. We're headed to the hospital to run some tests."

Will lifted his head slightly and peered down at his supine body, laying strapped down to a gurney that was being carried by the two nurses out Dr. Lecter's front door and towards the open doors of a large white van.

"You're also set for an MRI scan later today, don't you remember?" Hannibal asked, loading him into the van as the two nurses walked around to sit in the front and passenger seat of the van. Hannibal slipped around and sat beside Will's gurney in the back.

"I can imagine it feels rather debilitating to be unable to speak, but believe me that it's for your own safety as well as ours. We wouldn't want you spilling out anything that shouldn't be said…" Hannibal explained. "However, I have taken it upon myself to bring this dry-erase board for you, in case there's anything you'd like to say."

Will nodded vigorously.

Hannibal dug into his satchel and retrieved the white board. He took out the Expo marker from his jacket pocket, uncapped it and placed it in Will's right hand. He held up the board for him as Will messily scribbled out this message.

It read: *"Please don't make me."*

"Now, Will, I understand you've discussed your phobias with me, but this is unavoidable. It will only take an hour or so. Besides, This could be an excellent opportunity to face your fears."

Will hastily started writing his next message even before Hannibal could finish his sentence.

"Just kill me already." He wrote.

Dr Lecter hummed and smiled at the special agent.

"I'm not here to kill you, Will. In fact I'm doing quite the opposite. Please stop overreacting. Would you like anything to soothe the anxiety until we get to the hospital?" Hannibal asked, watching as Will immediately began writing again.

"Maybe some arsenic." Will wrote.

Hannibal chuckled, grabbed the pen away forcefully from Will and wiped the board clean with a red handkerchief.

"I'd say we've had enough of the writing now, haven't we?"

Will clawed at the bed and scowled at Dr Lecter, but the doctor had turned away to not see it.

They soon arrived at the hospital and the nurses hastily loaded Will out of the truck and pushed his gurney in through the doors of the emergency wing. As Hannibal walked along at Will's side, he leaned in beside his ear and whispered, *"Your name is James Lecter. You are my partner and we've been married for three years. Stick to the script, as they say."*

“This must be Mr Lecter.” A nurse behind him said. “My name is Nurse Dias and I’ll be your nurse today. Your MRI scan appointment is in half an hour.” She informed Will. She paused, noticing the straps around his body and turned to Dr. Lecter, whispering something in his ear.

“He’s prone to violent outbursts. It’s safest to have him restrained.” Dr Lecter replied quietly.

“I see…” the nurse sighed, frowning. “Well, Mr Lecter, lets get you to a room,” she continued, pushing his gurney down the hall.

As soon as the gurney left Dr. Lecter’s sight, Will began to struggle violently against the restraints, twisting his head up to muffle cries to her, anything to get her attention and let her know that whatever was going on wasn’t normal. All she could do was look down at him in sympathy. “I know, sweetheart, I know…” she coo’d.

She finally brought him into his own private room. It looked just like any other hospital room- boring, pale, and bleak. After settling him there, she put a small button in his open palm and clasped his hand closed around it. “Be sure to push that button to let me know if you need anything, alright dear? Your appointment is in just about half an hour so just hang tight until then.” She informed before leaving the room and allowing Dr Lecter to walk in and approach Will’s bed.

“How are you feeling?” Dr Lecter asked.

Will sarcastically gave a thumbs up.

Hannibal chuckled and pulled up a chair to sit beside Will’s bed.

“Do you have anything to say? Any questions?” Hannibal asked, pulling out the dry erase board and pen again. Will paused for a moment, then nodded. Hannibal uncapped the pen and put it in Will’s hand and held up the board for him.

Will wrote: “Whats going to happen to my dogs?”

“Your dogs will be taken care of once you’re officially marked as a missing person. I’ll be sure to let you know when that comes about.”

Will’s eyes bulged at the idea of him being on a missing persons list, his home being read as a crime scene, and his dogs being taken into federal custody. What a sick, sadistic bastard.

“That’s precisely why I have you listed as a Mr James Lecter here, in fact. So the police wouldn’t meddle in your treatment.” Hannibal explained further.

Will hastily began writing again.

“Bastard,” was all he wrote.

“You’ll thank me when this is all over, believe me.” Hannibal smiled.

Suddenly, the hum of Hannibal’s phone vibrating filled the room. Hannibal reached into his pocket, pulled out his smart phone and examined the contact information of the caller.

Alana Bloom.

“Please excuse me for one moment.” He told Will, and exited the hospital room to step outside in the hallway and answer the call.

“Hello, Alana.”

“Hello, Hannibal. How are you?” Alana’s voice

“I’m doing well. A little busy with something at the moment, however.”

“Oh...well, I won’t be too long. I’m calling to ask if you’ve heard from Will in the past day or so. We were supposed to get coffee this morning and he didn’t show up.” Alana explained.

“Really? Well, I’m sure he’s just running late.” Hannibal replied calmly.

“No, see I went to his house about an hour ago and knocked on the door but no one was home.” Alana mentioned.

“Are you sure?”

“He’s not answering my calls either. I’m a bit worried something might have happened to him. I’m sure you’re aware that he’s prone to sleepwalking. Maybe he wandered off.” Alana said.

“I’m sure he’s just fine, Alana. I wouldn’t worry too much.” Hannibal assured.

“I’m going to call Jack just in case. Just to see if he showed up to work today at least. Could you please call me if you receive any word from him?” Alana asked.

“But of course. Have a good day, Alana.” Hannibal replied, hanging up quickly before re-entering Will’s hospital room.

Will stared at Hannibal, his eyes asking who was calling and if it was about him.

“Alana Bloom called to check up on where you were this morning. Apparently you were going to get coffee with her?” Hannibal informed Will. “Was this strategic, Will? Did you

specifically not tell me that you had plans with Dr Bloom this morning? So suspicions would rise?

Will only glared back at the doctor, making sure not to blink or take his eyes off him.

Hannibal slowly approached the bed and without any warning, slapped Will hard across the face. Will gasped in shock, sputtering a bit on the tube in his throat.

“Do you take me for a fool, Will? I risk my freedom to help you and this is how you repay me?” Hannibal growled, slapping Will again in the face.

Will was beginning to hyperventilate now.

Hannibal sneered down at Will, fury blazing in his eyes. “Go on and try to bite the hand that feeds you again, Will.” Hannibal growled, exiting the room in a fit of rage.

Will was left alone in the hospital room, trying his best to calm himself from the anxiety attack he was experiencing.

Not too long after, nurse Dias entered the room.

“Are you ready, Mr. Lecter? The MRI’s open for you now.” She said with a smile, slowly walking around him to push the gurney through the doorway and down the hall. He turned his head as they passed the waiting room to make brief eye contact with Hannibal, who was running his hands through his hair in frustration. As soon as their gazes connected, he spotted Hannibal grabbing his coat and speed-walking after him.

The gurney made it’s way into the elevator. Nurse Dias pressed the button for level 3, and just as the doors began to close, they heard a polite; “Hold the door, please!” From Hannibal, who hurried in beside the gurney.

“Dr Lecter, the nurses didn’t tell me you wished to be present during your husband’s MRI scan. How thoughtful of you. ” Nurse Dias mentioned with a friendly smile, pressing the button to close the doors.

Dr Lecter smiled and nodded in reply. Will peered up at the doctor and could immediately tell he was straining to contain his anger. It was so unlike Hannibal to be visibly stressed, but technically Alana’s suspicion of him could mean that his freedom was on the line, so the stress was understandable. Nevertheless, Will felt no sympathy for him.

They arrived at the third floor as Hannibal helped the nurse push Will’s gurney down the hall and to the MRI room. A tall man with olive skin and dark, slicked back hair slowly paced beside them, looking down at Will’s files. “Hello Mr Lecter, I’m Dr Hernandez. I’m going to be your MRI technician today. Are you ready for your scan?” Dr Hernandez asked, looking up from the papers. His gaze was suddenly met with confusion as he eyed the straps around Will’s wrists and ankles and the tube protruding from his throat.

He turned to Doctor Lecter with a raised eyebrow. “He’s undergoing some psychological treatment right now. Violent outbursts, hallucinations, suicidal ideations, etcetera.” The doctor explained.

Dr Hernandez hummed in reply. “We will need to remove the tube for the scan, however. It may effect the results.”

“That’s quite understandable.” Hannibal replied. “Let me do the honors, please.”

Hannibal leaned down over Will, held a hand over his chest to steady him and held a firm grip on the tube. “If you try to call for help, I will see you are punished when we return home.” Hannibal whispered to Will before suddenly yanking out the tube. Will choked and coughed violently, gasping for air. “Get away- from -fr-from me…” Will gasped in between breaths.

Hannibal ran a hand through Will’s dark brown curls and smiled. “I think he’s ready.” He said to the nurse.

Will lolled his head to the side and spotted the MRI, a large white circular contraption that struck a cold fear into Will's heart.

"No no no no no no…" Will mumbled as hands fell upon him to undo the straps. "No NO NO NO NO!" Will yelled, yanking his hands away when freed and thrashing on the gurney. "Mr Lecter please stay still!" Nurse Dias called. "Please! Don't make me go in there please!" Will yelled, voice hoarse and irritated.

Dr Lecter sighed angrily and turned to Nurse Dias. "Is there anything you can give him?" He whispered. Nurse Dias looked up at him, then back down at Will, who was hyperventilating and in the middle of what seemed to be a full-blown panic attack. "I'll see what we can do." She whispered back, hurrying from Will's side, out the doors.

"No! Please! I'm not going in there!" Will yelled, trying to rip his hands away from the nurses around him.

"I'm going to ask you to calm down, James." Dr Lecter said sternly to Will.

"My name's not James!" Will yelled.

Hannibal stared down at Will in disbelief. If looks could kill, Will would be long gone.

Nurse Dias came trotting in seconds later with a full syringe.

"What are you giving him?" Hannibal asked her.

"A bit of diazepam. Just to calm the nerves." She replied, sticking the syringe in Will's IV line.

"NO! WHAT IS THAT!? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?!" Will yelled.

“Shhhhh, everything’s going to be fine, Mr Lecter. This’ll all be over before you know it.” She coo’d.

Will groaned, feeling his brain begin to cloud up and this tongue dry up. Dr Lecter ran a hand alongside Will’s face lovingly, and Will couldn’t find the energy to recoil.

The nurses then started lifting Will off the gurney and on the long platform of the MRI, rolling the IV pole beside him.

“Stop…please…” Will whispered.

“Should we secure him, sir?” Dr Hernandez asked Hannibal.

“Only over the chest and waist…in case he tries to roll off.” Hannibal directed, as the nurses obeyed and wrapped two thick velcro straps around Will. They stuck earplugs in his ears and gave him a set of noise-canceling headphones to block out the loud swirling noises of the machine.

“Ready to go.” Dr Hernandez stated as Hannibal and the nurses retreated from the room to watch from behind the glass of the technician’s room.

Will’s vision was swimming, the world around him twisting and turning around him as the machine sprung to life. He felt himself slowly moving into the mouth of the machine. Will’s heart was pounding the entire time. He had never felt more trapped in his life. His vision began to blur, his hands twitched, the beeping of the machine pulsed through his body. He had just enough energy to softly cry until the scan was over.

About seven minutes later, the beeping and swirling sounds stopped and the platform slowly retracted and moved out.

The nurses and Hannibal rushed to Will's side. "You made it, dear!" Hannibal congratulated and they quickly began unstrapping him. "See, that wasn't too bad, now was it?" Nurse Dias said. Hannibal held Will to sit up, but Will played completely limp, almost as if he was in a state of shock.

"James? Stay with me, James." Hannibal pled as Will's head lolled and his chin dropped to his chest. "James!" The nurses yelled, shaking Will's shoulders lightly.

Hannibal walked around to Will's front and shone a penlight in his eyes.

"He'll be fine." Hannibal told the other doctors. This time he turned to Will. "You'll be just fine."

Will closed his eyes and sighed as the nurse pulled up a wheelchair beside the platform and Hannibal and the nurses helped gently sit him down in it. Hannibal took the liberty of pushing Will back down himself.

"Come on, James. It's time to go home."

The Escape

Chapter Summary

Will takes his chance to escape while Alana visits Hannibal.

Will was clearly traumatized. Being held down, drugged, and forced to face a fear that he'd been bottling up for years was no doubt going to have a negative affect on him.

Hannibal rolled his wheelchair down the hall, into the elevator, and then back down through the waiting room. "You did very well. They should send us the results within the next forty-eight hours." Hannibal told him. "We'll get to the bottom of this, don't you worry."

Will didn't reply. It almost seemed as if he was in a catatonic state.

"Now, lets get you home." He said, as the two nurses followed behind him to help load him into the car on the stretcher.

The drive back home was faster than Will had expected. Hannibal sat in the back of the van with Will again, but this time neither of them spoke to each other.

"We're here, sir." Nurse Simmons informed Hannibal as they parked the car in his driveway. "Excellent-" Hannibal began, but his thoughts were interrupted by another ring of his smartphone. He grumbled and looked down.

It was Alana Bloom's number again.

Hannibal answered.

“Hello again, Alana.”

“Hannibal, have you heard anything from Will yet?” Alana asked nervously.

“I’m afraid not.” He replied.

“I called Jack and he hasn’t turned up to work today. I’m very worried. May I come over just to talk with you about it? Maybe we can figure something out.” She said. Hannibal glanced over at the two nurses carrying Will into the house and hesitated. But he knew that if inviting Alana over meant that her suspicions of him may be dampened, then so be it.

“Uh…yes of course. But I do have some clients today, so we’ll need to make it quick.” Hannibal said.

“Thank you, Hannibal. I’ll be there in half an hour.” She said, hanging up.

Hannibal locked the van and hurried after Will and the nurses, shutting the door behind them.

“Dr Bloom is on her way. We have to secure him.” Will told the nurses.

“Alana?” Will yelped hopefully.

The nurses rushed to transfer Will back to the hospital bed.

“I have to settle upstairs. Take his vitals again and have him gagged. I need him silent before she gets here.” Hannibal directed, scampering up the stairs and shutting the door behind him.

Will analyzed his situation. Alana was coming to the house soon. If he could manage to escape the basement by the time she got here, he’d be free. He had to figure out a way to get

the restraints off him.

“I-uh…I don’t feel well.” He told Nurse Green, who was taking his pulse on his left wrist.

“I know.” Nurse Green replied robotically.

“No, I mean I feel nauseous.” Will told him.

“Nauseous?” Nurse Simmons questioned.

“Please- I’m really dizzy.” Will lied. All he needed was the waist strap off.

Nurse Simmons turned to Nurse Green and they shared a skeptical glance.

“Ok, sit him up.” Green directed as Nurse Simmons unstrapped his chest and waist restraints and helped him to a sit.

“Can I have some water?” Will asked groggily.

Nurse Simmons grumbled and left Will’s side to retrieve a cup from the kitchen upstairs.

Will eyed Nurse Green, who had turned his back to take inventory in the medicine cabinet on the wall.

Quickly, Will bent down and used his teeth to rip off his left wrist strap, and once his hand was freed, he quickly ripped off the other right restraint.

With both hands, he ripped off the ankle straps and tumbled off the table with a thud.

Nurse Simmons looked up and turned around to find the hospital bed completely empty. Will had crawled under a side table about four feet from the bed, hidden in the shadows, crouched and trying his best not to make a peep.

“DR LECTER!” Nurse Simmons screamed, running up the stairs to retrieve the doctor and the other nurse. While Will was briefly alone in the basement, he ran out from under the table and slammed open the medicine cabinet and retrieved a fresh scalpel.

As soon as he heard footsteps hurry down the stairs, he backed up against the wall and felt for the light switch. Quickly he used the scalpel to pop off the plastic covering and immediately snipped the wires with the blade, causing the lights to blow out.

Hannibal and the nurses ran down into the darkness of the basement.

“Get a couple a flashlights from under the sink upstairs.” Hannibal’s voice barked.

Will crept in the darkness, the knife held out in front of him for protection.

“Come on out, Will, and we’ll forget all of this happened.” Hannibal’s voice called into the shadows as he proceeded down the stairs.

Will slowly snuck around them, making his way to the stairs.

“Will?” One of the nurses yelled, bringing down two flashlights and shining them around the basement. Will hid under the stairs until the nurse had finally gotten to the bottom level. Hannibal and the nurses wandered around the room quietly, shining their lights on every crack and crevice of the room. Finally, when Will was certain they were all away from the stairway area, he jumped out from under the stairs and ran up, clambering his way out the door.

“GET HIM-“ Hannibal cried as all three ran up the stairs, but Will slammed it behind him, locking it. “WILL, OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW-“ Hannibal’s voice yelled from behind the door, fists pounding. Will scurried down the hallway and through into the kitchen. Along the way, he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror. He paused, took a few steps back and stared at his reflection. He was noticeably thinner, his collarbones sticking out from under his hospital gown. His hair was slicked back and greasy. He looked like a ragged beast.

“WILL-“ Hannibal yelled again. Will snapped out of his trance and continued hurrying down the hall. Suddenly, with several, sharp pounds, Will heard the door being kicked through and footsteps chasing after him. Will ran up the stairs to the master bedroom and locked the door behind him.

“WILL-IF YOU AREN’T OUTSIDE IN THE NEXT TEN SECONDS, I’LL-“ Hannibal yelled, but was interrupted by a soft knock at the door.

“Stay here. Guard the door.” Hannibal told the nurses as he hurried downstairs to answer it.

“Why hello Alana, please come in.”

“Thank you, Hannibal. I won’t be long.”

Will wanted to scream and holler, try his best to make himself known, but he figured Hannibal most likely sound-proofed many rooms in the house before kidnapping Will.

He sighed, leaned against the door and gazed around the room. Hannibal’s master bedroom was stunning. Burgundy curtains matched the deep red comforter on the bed while framed portraits scattered the walls. Then, he saw it- the window. He raced from the bed to open the two swept head windows and crawl out onto the small sill. It was a good twenty-foot drop from the edge of the window to the floor, but Will knew it was absolutely worth it.

With the key in hand, the nurses unlocked the door to the master bedroom and spotted Will dangling off the side of the window. Before they could grab him, Will let go and tumbled

down onto the grass below. He cried out in pain, and took several seconds to gather himself. He looked up at the window to see the two nurses looking down at him in shock, then rushing back into the house.

Will scrambled to his feet and began full-on sprinting into the forest surrounding Hannibal's home. He didn't look back until he was fully surrounded by pine trees and light patches of snow. As the minutes went by, Will began to feel the bite of the cold. He could see his breath and his toes began to go numb. His sprinting turned into speed-walking and soon, the speed-walking turned into a crawl. His knees were bruised and scratched up and his fingers turned blue.

He held himself, shivering in his thin hospital gown and rested on his knees for a few seconds to catch his breath.

Suddenly, he felt a buzzing sensation in his back.

"…No…No, no no…" he mumbled to himself. "No!" He yelled, when suddenly the small device in his back began to beep loudly before a cool feeling bloomed.

Immediately, he felt exhausted. The device in his back had released the potent sedative. He tried to get back up to his feet, but his sense of balance was completely thrown off and he slowly keeled over and landed face-first into the snow.

Alana

Chapter Summary

Alana comes by the inquire about Will.

Hannibal politely opened the front door to greet Dr Bloom. She looked very presentable, wearing a white button up and a floral dark blue skirt with a black trench coat. However, she looked flushed.

“Why hello Alana, please come in.”

“Thank you, Hannibal. I won’t be long.” Alana said, stepping in.

“Here, let me get your coat.” Hannibal offered.

“Oh, why thank you.” Alana said as Hannibal slipped off her trench coat and hung it up on the coat rack. “I really do appreciate you taking the time out of your busy schedule to meet with me.”

“It’s not trouble at all-really.” Hannibal replied politely. “Now…let’s talk about our dear Will.” Hannibal began, leading her to the kitchen. “Would you like some tea?” Hannibal asked, filling up a kettle.

“As long as you’re offering.” Alana answered.

Hannibal turned on the burner and got out the tea bags.

“Will didn’t turn up for work today, Hannibal.” Alana informed.

“Yes, I do remember you mentioning that.”

“In the past he’s told me about sleepwalking spells. A few weeks ago, the police found him on the open road almost a mile away from his house. Do you think he may have wandered off and gotten lost?” She asked.

Suddenly, the soft echo of the nurses pounding on the door of the master bedroom.

“Did you hear that?” Alana asked, looking up.

“I’m, uh, getting some plumbing work done. My sink has been clogged for the past few days.” Hannibal replied.

Alana paused, then nodded understandably and continued with her analysis.

Hannibal poured the hot earl grey tea and gave her a cup.

She thanked him and took a sip.

“Do you think the police should be involved already? Jack’s already suspicious.” Alana asked.

“Who knows? Will may surprise us. This isn’t the first time he’s shown up late to work or missed an appointment of some sort.”

“But his house was empty, Hannibal. And his car was still there. It’s the middle of January and he lives in the middle of Wolftrap. Where would he go without a car?”

“Hm…this does seem odd.”

“I think I’m going to tell Jack to investigate.”

“If that’s what your gut tells you.”

“Yes, I think that is what my gut it telling me.” Alana answered back, taking a sip of the tea.

“This tea is wonderful! Where’d you buy it?” She asked.

“I have a bundle of earl grey plants outside in the vegetable garden that I’ve been taking care of for a while. They haven’t grown much all winter as you can imagine, but it gives them lots of time to dry out.”

“You’re kidding me. You grow your own tea? May I see?” Alana inquired.

“But of course. Here, let me help you with your coat.” He offered.

Bundled in their coats, Hannibal and Alana walked around side the house to the garden area by the entrance to the woods. They then spotted the patch of bush that looked like something had barreled through it- or someone had fell onto it.

“Those raccoons must have messed around in your hedges. Pesky things…” Alana mentioned.

Hannibal looked up. The window to the master bedroom was open.

He turned and looked out into the forest area and frowned.

“Ah, there’s the garden. It looks like the snow’s beginning to melt.”

Hannibal looked down at his phone and back up at her. “Alana…you must forgive me, but I have some important matters to attend later today. I’m afraid I’m going to have to cut this visit short.”

“Oh…that’s fine. I’m sure you have clients today. Let me just bring my cup back.”

“Here, let me take that for you, it’s no trouble.” Hannibal said, taking the cup from her and stacking it on top of his own.

“Oh, uh, thank you. Well, I’ll update you as the investigation takes fold. Thank you, Hannibal, for the help. I just know we’ll find him.”

“I’m sure we will. Have a good day, Alana.” Hannibal said, waving goodbye to her with his other hand. As soon as he saw her enter her car and back out of his driveway, he rushed back into the house.

“SIMMONS, GREEN.” He yelled out.

The two nurses hurried out from the basement.

“Where is he?!” Hannibal yelled.

“He escaped, sir. We went downstairs to grab the net.” Nurse Green replied, holding up the same net they’d use to trap Will in the beginning.

Hannibal reached into his pocket and quickly opened up the tracking app. The little red dot on the map was wandering around in the middle of the forest at a fast pace.

“Should we get the truck?”

“Eventually yes, but…lets wait a bit.” Hannibal mumbled.

“Sorry, sir…what?” Nurse Green questioned.

“He’s made surprisingly good distance for being malnourished and partially sedated. This must be a rather liberating experience for him, don’t you think?” Hannibal mentioned, looking up at the nurses, who looked at each other.

“Lets humor him a bit.” He smiled.

“…Very well, sir.”

“In the meantime, would either of you like some tea?” Hannibal offered.

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About an hour later, Hannibal checked his phone again. The red dot was beginning to slow down.

“I think it’s about time now, boys.” Hannibal finally spoke up to the two nurses reading newspapers in the sitting room.

Hannibal smiled, turned back to his smart phone and pressed the large red button in the upper right hand corner of the screen titling “ADMINISTER.”

Seconds after pushing the button, Hannibal watched as the little red dot slowed down even more and eventually came to a stop.

“Alright, men. Get the truck.”

Paralyzation

Chapter Summary

Will wakes up to find himself paralyzed.

Will slowly awoke in a warm cocoon of scarlet-red blankets. He opened his eyes to find himself back in the basement, hooked back up to monitors and IVs. He tried to move his limbs, but…he couldn't. His body wasn't answering to his commands. He looked down. He could see the outline of all four limbs under the blankets, which was good, he thought. Having both his arms and legs intact was always a good sign when living with a medical sadist like Dr Lecter.

He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. He tilted his head up to spot the security camera on the wall peering down at him eerily. Will scowled at it, knowing Hannibal was most likely watching it on the other line.

Nurse Green suddenly opened the door to the basement and trotted down the steps with a small oral thermometer. Will and him made eye contact for a brief moment before he came up to Will's bedside.

"Under your tongue please," the nurse directed, and Will reluctantly obeyed.

After a few seconds, the thermometer beeped and the nurse removed it from Will's mouth. He read the number and frowned.

"That doesn't look good," he commented.

"W-Wha-" Will tried to mumble.

"I'm going to get Dr Lecter." Nurse Green told Will before hurrying back up the stairs.

Moments later, Dr Lecter came down in a dark blue robe, holding a small cup of home-brewed coffee.

“Ah, good to find you awake, Will. How are you feeling?” Dr Lecter asked Will, looking up and analyzing the monitors. “You gave us quite a scare yesterday. Now, didn’t you remember that I installed a tracking device in you? You knew you’d have no chance of escaping. Why would you do it anyway, though? For the thrill? To spite me somehow?” Hannibal asked, pulling back the covers to reveal that Will’s hands were both trapped inside soft white medical mittens, stretching out his fingers under the opaque fabric.

Will could hardly react. He had no energy whatsoever to thrash or try and shake the mittens off, and while he noticed he was free of restraints, he was still unable to move.

“I’ve given you a bit of rocuronium to help you calm yourself. I find it actually more effective than physical restraints.” Hannibal explained.

If Will remembered correctly, rocuronium was a strong muscle relaxant and paralytic used for surgery. That explained why he was unable to even twitch a finger.

“Fu-Fffuck y-you…” Will moaned.

“Will, I’m not sure you understand what’s happened to you. When we found you in the forest yesterday, you were suffering from hypothermia. We managed to save you before you developed frostbite.” Hannibal explained.

Will paused, not realizing the severity of the situation.

Nurse Green whispered into Hannibal's ear, handing him the thermometer. Hannibal peered down at the small device and shook his head. "Hmm...There's a heated blanket in the master bedroom." he told him. "And from now on, leave the IV fluids out a bit to room temperature before administering." he directed as Nurse Green hurried up the stairs.

“At the moment, you can’t survive without me, Will. You’d be on your own. You need to work with me if you want to leave. That means no more escape attempts. No more trying to call for help. I will discharge you from my care when I see fit, but until then, you’re officially not leaving this room. You’ve broken my trust and you’re paying the price.” Hannibal continued.

Will only gazed up at him in terror.

“Now, I can imagine you’re hungry.” Hannibal mentioned, turning around to file through the medicine cabinet.

Will mustered up enough strength to nod.

“You’ve lost quite a bit of weight in the past few days you’ve been under my care, and we can’t have that, can we?” Hannibal added. “For some patients, the paralytic makes swallowing a difficult task—and the nurses told me that you complained about feeling rather nauseous. Correct?” Hannibal asked.

Will had completely forgot about that, and both Hannibal and him knew that that was most definitely just a lie to get out of the waist restraint.

“Well, I figured if you were so nauseous, I could make it easier for you.” Hannibal smirked, pulling the bed sheet back even more to reveal that he had surgically implanted a feeding tube on the left side of his lower abdomen.

Will stared down in horror. “Wh-What the f-“ he mumbled in disbelief.

“You break the rules of this house, you lose privileges. This time, you lose your privilege to taste my cooking.” The doctor said sternly, taking a thick, loaded syringe full of nutrients-packed liquid and injected it into the feeding tube port. Will watched as the sand-colored meal was shot directly into his stomach with wide, confused eyes.

“The paralytic will wear off in several hours, but until then, I’d take this time to think about whether you truly want to get better, Will.” Hannibal advised, emptying the syringe and handing it to Nurse Simmons behind him. Nurse Green then rushed down the stairs with the heated blanket and with the help of Nurse Simmons, tucked will back in and wrapped him in the thick wool blanket, plugging it in in the wall behind him.

Will laid his head back on the pillow and sighed.

“I have some good news for you, however! Your MRI scan results came back early!” Hannibal cheered, walking over to the side table and gathering his laptop. He sat on the side of Will’s hospital bed and opened up the computer, logging in and accessing the file.

“See that inflammation there?” Hannibal asked, pointing to the red marks blooming from the scan of Will’s frontal lobe. “That’s what we’re going to be working on tomorrow.”

“What are you going to do to me…” Will grumbled quietly, not quite sure for himself whether it was out of hate or fear.

“Now, you don’t want to ruin the surprise, now don’t you.” Hannibal chuckled. “For now, just rest. I’ll be back down in a few hours to check up on you. Simmons, please bring the oxygen tank.” Hannibal called.

Nurse Simmons obeyed, rolling over a long, metal oxygen tank beside the bed. Hannibal softly grabbed Will’s chin, lifting it slightly as he took out the large, plastic oxygen mask. Will shook his head from side to side trying to avoid Hannibal’s aim.

“Oh stop being so childish, Will. It’s just oxygen. It won’t hurt you. You’re at risk of asphyxiation so this is meant to keep you alive through the day while I’m not here to monitor.” Hannibal coo’d, placing a hand on Will’s forehead to keep him steady while he wrapped the mask around his head.

“Try and get some rest.” Hannibal said, standing up and heading for the stairs.

“As if I have a choice…” Will thought to himself as the doctor proceeded to climb the stairs to the main level of the house, leaving Will alone with the nurses to supervise him.

The Bath

Chapter Summary

Will gets a bath and him and Hannibal have a serious talk.

The next several hours consisted of Will laying motionless in the hospital bed, his hands bound in the tight medical mittens, and his meals being gradually fed through a tube in his stomach. Slowly, he was able to start twitching his fingers and wiggling his toes.

Nurse Green paced over to Will's bedside and stuck the thermometer under his tongue again. After around nine seconds, the device beeped and was removed from Will's mouth. The nurse peered down at it and nodded softly. "Good." He muffled. His temperature must have been back up to normal.

He removed the thick, heated blanket off Will and gently unwrapped him from the bundle of comforters he was wrapped in. "Oof-" the nurse breathed, stepping back from the bed and covering his mouth. Will didn't have enough energy to react back.

Nurse Green turned to Nurse Simmons and whispered. "Mr Graham needs a bath…" Nurse Green told him. Nurse Simmons peered over at Will, who was laying on his side, back turned to face them.

"Call up Dr Lecter and let him know." Nurse Simmons said and Green made his way up the stairs.

Simmons leaned down over Will with his clipboard. "With all due respect, Mr Graham. You stink. We're going to take you up and get you cleaned."

"I thought Lecter said I wouldn't leave this room." Will growled.

“Well as much we’d like to tear up the tub from it’s pipes, we’re not in the position to.” Simmons snapped back. “You’ll be back down here soon enough.”

Green and Hannibal came down the stairs and greeted Will again.

“Aright, Green, get his legs and Simmons, get his arms.” Hannibal directed as he reached over to the IV pole and the heart monitor stand.

Will grunted as the nurses lifted him up and began walking gently up the stairs as Hannibal followed behind them, carrying the heart monitoring equipment and the IV pole.

They made their way up the stairs , and as they passed the main hallway, Will tilted his head to the side to catch a sight of the front door, double bolted for safety. They walked up the stirs to the second floor and passed the master bedroom into the master bathroom.

The white tile floors sparkles and the glow of the long stained glass window illuminated the crisp, clean sides of the limestone bathtub. They set him down beside the tub and one of the nurses took to turning the faucet and letting warm water flow into it.

The nurses then slowly lifted the sweat-covered hospital gown off Will, who protested through small grunts. Luckily, they’d leave on his boxers for modesty. Hannibal then dug his hand into a small medical bag and took out a large clear sticker, ripped off the back and gently placed it over Will’s feeding tube port on his abdomen, creating an air-tight seal so no water could seep into the tube and irritate it. He also replaced the heart monitor leads with waterproof ones.

As soon as the bath filled up about half-way, Hannibal lifted Will up bridal style and gently laid his limp body into the tub. Will gasped, not expecting the sudden heat of the water and the heart monitor spiked suddenly. “Shhhh…” Hannibal coo’d, kneeling beside the tub, rolling up his sleeves and used a sponge to gently clean under his arms and over his chest, minding around the heart monitor leads.

Will sighed and closed his eyes. Despite being almost fully naked in front of Hannibal and the two nurses, this was possibly the only moment of his stay where Will felt serene.

Hannibal paused sponging him down and crossed his arms over the side of the tub and gazing at Will lovingly. With the colored light from the window dancing over Will's face, and his soft curls dampening and smoothing around him, he looked absolutely stunning.

"Could you two leave us alone for a moment?" Hannibal asked the nurses, not taking his eyes off Will. The two nurses exchanged glances and then slowly left the room, shutting the door quietly behind them.

"…What went wrong with us, Will?" Hannibal asked, running a gentle hand through his curls.

Will slowly opened his eyes in confusion. "What?"

"Why must you make everything so much harder for yourself?" Hannibal asked, smiling sadly.

Will didn't reply.

Hannibal stared at his patient, seeming to analyze every curve and detail of Will's face and physique.

"You know I love you, Will." Hannibal finally confessed. "You know that, right?"

Will opened his eyes a little wider. "I figured…" Will began, gulping mid-sentence. The stitches in his neck still burned with every word. "I figured you had to…to plan all this." He finished.

Hannibal smiled. "You know I'd do anything for you, Will."

"Then let me go." Will replied immediately.

Hannibal's smile dropped. "Excuse me?"

"Let me go, Hannibal. I want to go home. I miss my dogs. I miss Alana and Bev and…I want to go home, Hannibal."

Hannibal just stared at him in disbelief.

"You…want to go home." Hannibal murmered.

"Yes." Will answered blatantly.

Hannibal leaned away from the tub and stared Will down in anger. "I thought you would have made more progress than this, Will."

Will sunk down slowly into the water a bit more, afraid of what Hannibal would do to him in such a vulnerable position. There he was, almost naked in a tub, paralyzed and connected up to wires and tubes, with no way to cover or defend himself.

Hannibal grabbed the sponge again and began scrubbing at Will's body again, only much harsher. "Ah-AH-Stop!" Will yelled as the sponge was beginning to form rashes from how hard Hannibal was scrubbing.

"It's tasteless how ungrateful you've been, Will." Hannibal growled, continuing to scrub to the point of breaking skin. "I've invested so much in you and you continue to fight me."

Will winced in pain as Hannibal scrubbed over his arms and legs furiously, as if trying to clean spots that didn't exist. He then suddenly stopped and slowly drew his gaze back to Will.

“You know what? I originally was going to wait until tomorrow to administer your new therapy, but…Why wait?” He smiled, grabbing the folded towel off the counter and laying it down on the ground.

“Come on, Will. Lets get you ready.” Hannibal mumbled, suddenly reaching into the tub and heaving Will out and onto the towel. Hannibal rubbed the towel over Will’s irritated skin and wrapped it around his waist as he stood to unlock the door and let the nurses in to help lift him. As Hannibal carried Will’s IV pole and heart monitor behind them, Will tried his best to struggle.

“No! No, get off of me!” Will yelled, unable to speak as loud as he’d liked.

“Back down here boys.” Hannibal lead them down to the basement again and rolled up the operating table.

As soon as Will saw the contraption that Hannibal pulled up alongside it, he felt as if he would almost faint out of pure fear.

Treatment

Chapter Summary

Will receives electro-shock therapy treatment.

Will's eyes bulged as they set him down on the operating table as Hannibal rolled over the contraption beside him.

"While this type of treatment has been rarely used and is often looked down on in medical circles, I still believe electroshock treatment can bloom some…substantial effects." Hannibal explained.

Will twitched his fingers and tried to move any part of his body has best he could, but the paralytic was still very present in his system.

"Please…please don't do this. I'll do anything…I'll do anything you want, Dr. Lecter." Will sobbed, tears streaming down his face.

"You're a tad late, Will."

"No! Please, I'm begging you!" Will cried.

Hannibal took out the headpiece and held it out in front of Will.

"Let me tell you exactly whats going to happen to you now, Will. I'm going to center the treatment around your frontal lobe, the area of difficulty, as detected by your MRI." Hannibal explained, pressing a finger to Will's forehead for emphasis.

“Do you know what else the frontal lobe is responsible for, William?”

Will stayed silent, absolutely petrified.

“Emotional expression, reactionary behavior, communication, and personality. Now you must understand that your emotional and reactionary behaviors are getting in the way of your treatment, so by emphasizing the shocks in the frontal lobe, we’re hitting two birds with one stone, see?” Hannibal explained.

“I told you you’ll be thanking me in the end, Will. You know why?” Hannibal asked maliciously, applying a gel to Will’s temples and sticking a mouthpiece past his lips.

Will tried to scream through the mouthpiece, but it only came off as a muffle.

“Because that will be all you’ll know how to say.” Hannibal finished, smiling down at his patient.

The nurses held Will’s arms as Hannibal lowered the headpiece onto Will and on the count of three, he pulled the switch.

Will threw his head back, neck veins bulging and body tightening as he tried to scream.

“Again.” Hannibal repeated, throwing the switch again, sending another stream of electricity through Will’s brain.

“Again.” the doctor said again, and again, and again.

Suddenly, Will’s entire body began to convulse, his hands squeezing into tight fists and his eyes rolling back in his head.

Hannibal shut off the machine and walked around to Will's front, holding his head in his hands.

"He's having a seizure. Let go of his arms." Hannibal barked at the nurses, who obeyed and allowed Will to convulse freely.

Two minutes go by and Will hadn't stopped trembling.

"Will? Can you hear me, Will?" Hannibal yelled. He sighed frustratingly and went back to the medicine cabinet and filed through for a syringe.

"Where's the general anesthesia?!" Hannibal yelled to the nurses.

"We're fresh out, sir. I'm set to retrieve some from the hospital in the morning. Should I run out now?" Nurse Green asked.

"No, there's not enough time for that. What kinds of sedatives do you have on hand? He's going to burn out if we don't interfere." Hannibal responded.

"I believe there's diazepam in the second cabinet-" Nurse Simmons replied quickly.

Hannibal rushed to it and grabbed the vial. He stuck the syringe into it, pulling out just the right amount and then hurrying over to Will's IV pole. He pressed the needle in the port and rapidly pushed it through, sending the sedative through his veins. Slowly, but surely, Will's body began to still and his eyes shut.

Hannibal rolled Will on his side into the recovery position and took his pulse from his right wrist.

"He'll be fine. Just leave him here for now and in about ten minutes, transfer him to the hospital bed. He needs the rest." Hannibal directed to the nurses, taking off his blue rubber

gloves and slowly walking back up the stairs in a nervous, tired wreck.

One Week Later

Chapter Summary

One week later and things have...changed.

Alana Bloom sat at her desk at work, filing through paperwork and taking occasional sips of her Earl Grey Tea. Suddenly, her desk phone began ringing and she set down her cup to answer it.

“Alana Bloom speaking.”

“Hi, Alana.” Will Graham’s voice replied calmly.

“…Will?! Will were are you?! You’ve been missing for a week and a half!”

“It’s a bit of a long story, but I’m fine now, Alana, really.” Will answered.

“Wait…Where are you right now? I’ll come over.”

“I’m at Dr Lecter’s.”

“Hannibal’s? Why are you there?!” Alana asked.

“He’s been helping me through a lot of this. I’m sure he’d like to talk to you too as well.” Will explained.

Alana was dumbfounded. Her best friend was missing for almost two weeks and he shows up one day in a random phone call at work. She was in a state of shock, unable to think about anything else but getting in her car and speeding to wherever he was.

"Alright…I'm coming down there. Don't move." Alana said, hanging up and immediately dialing Jack Crawford.

"Jack. Will's at Hannibal's. I want you to meet with me there." She told him and hung up before he could reply.

In less than an hour, both Jack and Alana's cars pulled up in Hannibal's driveway. They exited their cars and proceeded to the front door. Jack had the honors of knocking.

Seconds later, Hannibal opened the door, wearing a warm, red cashmere sweater and grey sweat pants.

"Ah, Agent Crawford…Dr Bloom. Will told me you'd be here for breakfast. Please, come in." Hannibal smiled and stepped to the side, allowing them to enter.

"Hannibal, you understand we're here under a serious matter."

"Yes, of course. Will? Jack and Alana are here to see you!" Hannibal called.

Will Graham, fully alive and intact hopped down the stairs happily, dressed in a clean blue button up and black slacks. His hair was combed, his thin face held more color, and his beard was shaved, making him look almost a decade younger.

"My god, Will." Jack murmured at seeing him alive.

"Will, oh Will…" Alana mumbled, running up to him and embracing him lovingly.

“I’m fine, Alana, everything’s fine.”

“Why don’t we all gather to the sitting room?” Hannibal offered. “I’ll make us some tea.”

The three proceeded to the sitting room, where Alana and Jack sat across from Will, who’s smile was bigger than either of them had seen in their lives. In fact, it was unusual for Will to be smiling at all.

Will finally broke the silence. “I can guess you guys have questions.”

“You scared us half to death!” Jack yelled, but Alana grabbed his hand, shooting him a stern look.

“Just…please start from the beginning, Will. What happened to you?”

“I don’t remember much. I think I had another sleepwalking episode. I found myself in the middle of the forest one morning. It was…terrifying. I was totally and completely lost. I wouldn’t have found my way back without Hannibal finding me and taking me into his care.” Will explained.

“Wh-What happened to your neck?” Alana asked, eyeing the two inch-long scar across the right side of his neck.

“My neck?” Will asked, gently touching the scar.

“The tea is ready!” Hannibal called from the kitchen, bringing a set of four porcelain cups on a platter. He set it down on the table and sat beside Will on the couch.

“So you found Will…where?” Jack asked.

“About three days ago, I decided to take a car ride around the woods near Will’s home in Wolftrap and I found Will in the middle of the forest, unresponsive and freezing, so I took him into my care and nursed him back to health. He had a lacerations on his neck area and I have yet to understand how it happened, but overall, he was very much alive.”

“Why didn’t you tell us?” Jack questioned again out of disbelief.

“I was very preoccupied. It turns out that Will is a full-time job.” Hannibal laughed as Will smiled, staring deeply into Hannibal’s eyes, and taking his hand.

Jack and Alana glanced down at Will’s hand wrapping Hannibal’s and then looked back up at him.

“I didn’t want to overwhelm him, you see. I wanted him to call you, himself, when he was ready.” Hannibal explained, placing his other hand on top of Will’s.

“I wouldn’t be alive if it weren’t for Hannibal.” Will confessed.

Jack glanced at Alana and took a small sip of his tea. Both of them were absolutely perplexed, but at least Will was safe, and that was what mattered at the moment. “Well…I’m glad to see you’re doing well, but I will need you to come into work tomorrow to fill out some paperwork about your…disappearance,” Jack sternly “Honestly, Will. You should have gotten that sleep walking problem figured out months ago.”

“Hannibal’s helped me with that as well! We’re trying new forms of therapy that are working very well so far. No nightmares, night sweats or sleepwalking incidents since.” Will explained with a smile.

Alana tilted her head. Something about this didn’t seem right, but she couldn’t seem to put her finger on it.

“Hannibal, could I have a glass of water please?” Alana asked him. “But of course. I’ll be right back,” Hannibal replied, letting go of Will’s hand and exiting the room. Will’s eyes followed him out.

“Will, can I ask you a question?” Alana whispered. Will turned back to her with a smile. “Of course!”

“How are you really feeling?” Alana inquired. “Like…really.”

“I feel fantastic!” Will responded quickly.

“You seem…a little different.” She added.

“Hannibal says I was out in the wilderness for a long time and the cold may have messed a bit with my head, but he fixed that for me and now I feel great.” Will said, picking up his tea cup and taking a polite sip. “Why do you ask?”

“Here you are, Alana.” Hannibal came back with a small glass of water and handed it to her.

“Thank you,” she replied, taking the cup from him.

“Do you have any questions?” Hannibal asked Jack and Alana who looked up at him with puzzled expressions. “Will still has some recovering to do, as you can imagine.”

“Oh…yeah of course. We’ll be out of your way. Come on, Alana.” Jack ushered.

Alana set down her teacup and gathered her bag. “It’s good to see you’re doing better, Will. Thank you very much for the tea, Hannibal.” She said, stepping out the door behind Jack. Hannibal and Will waved good-bye to them as they made their way to their cars.

“That was bizarre, wasn’t it?” Alana asked Jack. "I've never seen Will so complicit in his care before..."

"You're not complainign about Will finally getting help are you?" Jack asked.

"No, of course not. It just seems strange..."

“Will’s back, he’s alive and feeling better, he’ll be back at work soon I imagine. Yeah, it’s odd how he doesn't remember it, but what’s the problem, Alana?”

Alana furrowed her brow and shrugged in reply. “Maybe I’m just overthinking things...” she said to herself, looking back at the two men, Hannibal gently shutting the door.

Dinner

Chapter Summary

Hannibal dresses Will up and takes him to a fancy dinner, but it doesn't end well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few hours later, Hannibal dressed Will in a clean black suit, combed back his hair and shaved his face.

“Where are we going, dear?” Will asked him as Hannibal straightened Will’s long, skinny black tie.

“We’re going out to celebrate.” Hannibal replied, kissing Will on the forehead and leaving the room to change for himself.

Hannibal and his patient exited the home and proceeded to the car. While driving down the dark, open road to the downtown area, Hannibal turned to Will and gazed in awe at the man.

“You’re beautiful right now.” Hannibal told him.

Will turned and smirked at the doctor.

“You’ve made incredible progress this week, Will. I’m proud of you.” He continued.

“Thank you, Dr Lecter.” Will replied.

“You wouldn’t leave me, would you, Will?” Hannibal asked, taking his eyes off the road again to gaze deeply into Will’s eyes.

"…Of course not. Why would I want to leave?" Will answered calmly.

Hannibal smiled and took his hand. "Good."

Soon, they arrived at their destination.

"Le Oiseau Rouge?" Will asked, seeing the bright red sign out in front of the building. "You're taking me to a five star restaurant?"

"Only the best for you, Will." Hannibal replied as the valet approached the car and opened the door for Will. Hannibal gave him the keys and put an arm over Will's shoulders and lead him inside the restaurant.

"Table for two." Hannibal told the hostess as she smiled and lead them to a small booth by a window, overlooking the city street.

She handed them their menus and recited the soup of the day and the daily specials. Hannibal thanked her and she exited their view.

"I think I know what I want." Will told Hannibal, but the doctor shot him a stern glare.

"Will, you know that I will be deciding that for you. Even though you have earned many freedoms in this past week, you are still under my care and I still decide what's healthy for you."

Will frowned. "I'm not a child, Dr Lecter. I think I can decide what-"

Suddenly, Dr Lecter took out his phone and pressed a small button on the side. Immediately, Will's body tensed and he gasped in pain. The button had sent a quick, sharp pulse of

electricity through his brain through a device implanted on his spinal cord. Will squeezed his eyes shut and breathed heavily as the pain began to descend. Hannibal reached over and took Will's hand from on the table and squeezed it gently.

"You're going to have a summer salad and a side of beet soup. You need the potassium." Hannibal told him strictly.

Will opened his eyes and let out a shaky breath.

"A summer salad is fine- it's great." Will breathed.

Hannibal smiled. "That's much better."

"Are you read to order?" A young waitress asked them, holding out a small notebook, but paused slightly, eyeing Will. "You look a bit familiar, sir. Are you an actor?" He asked Will.

Will glanced at Hannibal and chuckled. "Uh, no, sorry." He answered.

"Really? I could've sworn I've seen your face on TV before." She mentioned.

"Please just take our order, ma'am." Hannibal barked.

"Oh, I'm sorry. What can I get you two gentlemen?" she asked nervously.

"I'll have the filet mignon with garlic and herb butter. And he'll have the summer salad with a side of beet soup. And I'll have a glass of rosé." Hannibal told her, handing her his menu.

"Great choice. And anything to drink for you, sir?" She asked Will. Will opened his mouth to speak, but turned to Hannibal to see him shaking his head.

“Um…just water’s fine for me.” He said, giving his menu to her politely.

“Alright, that’ll be with you in a moment.” She said, taking Will’s menu and hurrying into the kitchen.

“Alcohol doesn’t mix well with your medications.” Hannibal explained. “I removed your feeding tube because of your progress in obedience. You wouldn’t want to undo your own work, now would you?” Hannibal asked.

Will furrowed his brow and then shook his head understandably.

“Don’t look at me like that, Will. Do I have to go over this again?”

“This is all for my benefit, I understand.” Will told him.

“Good.” Hannibal replied.

Will winced from the afterpains on the back of his neck.

“I gotta use the bathroom. I’ll be right back.” Will told Hannibal, scooting out of the booth and walking across the area to the mens room. Hannibal raised an eyebrow, but gradually turned back to read the nightly news on his phone.

Will rushed into the mens bathroom and stumbled up to the sink, cupping a few handfuls of water and splashing his face. He sighed and reached back and felt the small vertical scar on the back of his neck from the implant that Hannibal had surgically placed in. Like his own private, invisible shock collar.

Suddenly, two police officers walked in through the bathroom doors.

“Excuse me, sir, are you Will Graham?” They asked.

Will spun around, absolutely startled and nodded in reply. “Uh, yeah, why?” He asked.

“Please come with us.” They asked, one cop pushing the door open while the other held a firm grip on Will’s shoulder.

“What? No! What are you doing? Let go of me!” Will yelled as the cop gripped his bicep. They were both much stronger than him, now that Will had lost so much weight and muscle mass over the period of staying in Hannibal’s care.

They shoved him out into the main dining area, causing the guests to look up from their meals in confusion as the man was being dragged out.

“Hannibal! Hannibal, help me!” Will cried to the doctor, who was sitting patiently at their booth. The doctor looked up, and his face went pale immediately as he scrambled up to the officers.

“That’s my patient! Where are you taking him!” Hannibal yelled at them.

“To the station. He’s classified as a missing person and one of the restaurant staff recognized him.” The first cop replied.

Damn…the missing persons posters must have still been up around the city, and Jack must have not informed the police force of Will’s appearance.

“Get the fuck off me! Hannibal stop them!” Will yelled, trying to struggle, but with no success.

“Will! Stay calm! I’ll meet you at the police station! Everything’s going to be ok!” The doctor yelled, rushing to his bags, setting a few twenties down on the table and rushing out the door. He eyed the officers shoving Will into the backseat of the vehicle and driving off. Hannibal sprinted to his own car and rushed after the police car, driving behind them the whole way and thinking only of how much he wanted to hold and comfort Will through this terrifying situation.

Chapter End Notes

I changed my mind. The story isn't ending quite yet... :)

Intervention

Chapter Summary

Alana realizes the truth.

Will Graham sat in a secluded room at the police station in his disheveled suit, hair messy and foot tapping impatiently.

“Can I get you anything, Mr Graham? Some water?” an officer asked Will.

“I’d like to leave,” Will replied.

“In due time,” the officer replied. “Now, Will do you know a Dr Alana Bloom?”

“...Uh...Yes, I do, she’s a friend of mine,” Will replied.

The officer left the room and then opened it again to introduce Alana, wrapped in a long black dress and red coat.

“Will! Hannibal told me everything. I’m so sorry you wound up in here,” she confessed, running up and hugging him. She brushed her hand along the back of Will’s neck, accidentally running her fingers over the long, raised scar. She furrowed her brow and felt around the area again.

“Will, what’s this?” she asked.

“Uh…” Will couldn’t find it in himself to tell her.

Last week, when Hannibal and the nurses administered the electroshock therapy, Will's brain became numb. He truly began to believe that Hannibal's sadistic medical treatments were, in face, solely for the greater good. Everyday, Hannibal would administer small treatment periods and everyday, Will became more and more compliant. It was clear that the goal of Hannibal's "treatments" were not to cure Will's mental ailments, but to make him absolutely obedient. Hannibal thought implanting the shock device in Will's neck would be more effective, as it's much less hassle than drugging Will up and administering the shocks directly through the machine itself. Apparently, it was starting to wear off since Will would still hold feelings of rebellion against Hannibal behind the forced acceptance. He was fighting against himself and he was finally breaking.

"What happened to you? This is a fresh scar!" Alana asked worryingly, turning back around to Will.

Will didn't reply.

Alana looked back at the two-way mirror, at which there were at least three investigators watching.

"I want you to be honest, Will. You have nothing to be afraid of," Alana told him, placing both hands on his shoulders.

Will avoided her eye contact and looked down at his feet.

"You didn't get lost in the forest…didn't you, Will?" Alana asked softly.

Will looked up with tears in his eyes, and shook his head.

"Did Hannibal do this to you?" Alana whispered to him, taking a few tissues from the box on the table and handing them to Will to dry his eyes.

He nodded softly, but then shut his eyes hard and dug his hands into his face. “No..no…he was helping me. I'm sick and he’s helping me…” Will muffled through his hands.

"Other...Other people want to turn this into something it's not. He found me...and he-he saved me and I'd be dead without him..." Will sobbed, his brain seeming to short circuit at the thought of disobeying or badmouthing Hannibal.

Alana breathed in, remembering all the signs she ignored- Hannibal’s nervousness, his adamancy to get off the phone as soon as possible the night Will went missing, his disinterest in sending out an official investigation team.

“Will, I know it may be hard, but I need you to tell me what happened to you,” Alana told him. “Then we can help you and keep you safe.”

Will dabbed his eyes with the tissues and nodded. “I-I can't..." he whispered.

"Why can't you?" Alana asked curiously.

Will growled in frustration as he sobbed into his hands. He couldn't betray Hannibal and throw out all the re-education we went through. Before shock treatment, Will would have happily spewed out every painful detail of the week and a half, but the treatment created a block in his mind that broke his free will.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door and an officer opened.

“Mr Graham has another visitor: Dr Hannibal Lecter-“ the officer told Alana.

“Tell him to wait outside,” Alana ordered sternly.

“He’s very adamant,” the officer added.

“I don’t care. He’s an adult, he can wait,” Alana told the guard again angrily.

“Dr Bloom? Is that you?” Hannibal’s voice lingered in the background.

“Stay here, Will. I’ll be right back,” Alana told Will kindly, brushing the loose strands of hair out of his face. Will smiled sadly in a silent reply.

Alana stood and exited the room and paced down the hall furiously. Just as she’d feared, her suspicions were correct all along. She could feel the tenseness in the air when she met at Hannibal’s house last week to meet about Will’s disappearance. That same type of tension was present when Jack and her had met them at Hannibal’s home just hours ago. She was unbelievably furious at Hannibal, but not as much as she was as furious with herself.

“Dr Bloom, there you are,” Hannibal cried. “Jack must have forgotten to take down the ‘missing persons’ posters. How’s Will? Is he hurt?”

“What did you do to him…” Alana growled.

“…Pardon me?”

“What did you do to Will?!” Alana yelled.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Alana,” Hannibal lied.

“You know EXACTLY what I’m talking about, Hannibal. Tell me the truth right now, don’t you dare lie to me. What’s that scar on the back of his neck?!” Alana screamed.

Hannibal didn’t respond.

“I know what you did, Hannibal-and you’re not going to get away with it. I want you to stay away from him,” Alana yelled, pointing to the exit.

“I need to see him, please. Just for a second!” Hannibal barked back.

“Oh you’ve seen him plenty- now get out of here before I call for security!” Alana shouted.

Hannibal pursed his lips and hesitated, looking over Alana at the door to Will’s room, contemplating shoving her to the side and running into the room, grabbing Will and leaving into the night.

Instead, he sighed and smiled weakly. “Very well. Have a good night, Alana,” he grumbled resistantly and walked back towards the exit.

Alana sneered at the doctor as he left. She turned around made her way back to Will’s room. The officer opened the door for her and she peeped her head in curiously.

Will was bawling.

“Oh, Will, come here,” Alana comforted, wrapping the skinny, trembling man in her arms and letting him cry over her shoulder.

He felt as if his brain was eating himself. The week of shock treatment and behavioral re-education and his natural instincts were battling each other to the death. It was terribly overwhelming.

“You’re safe now, Will. Everything’s going to be ok,” Alana hushed, stroking his back like a traumatized animal. *“Everything’s going to be ok.”*

Escape pt 2

Chapter Summary

Stockholm Syndrome kicks in.

With Alana's skill in psychiatry and encouragement, Will slowly told Alana everything. Everything from the tranquilizer dart in the back of his leg, to the MRI, to the tracking device in his back. There was still a large chunk of the story that Will didn't tell that he couldn't remember due to the amnesia the electroshock therapy caused him, but apparently he'd said enough, because by the end of his story, Alana was teary eyed, herself.

“Everything’s been blurry. I think he tried to induce amnesia a few times through drugs and gadgets. I only remember it happening once, but I know there's been more. I dont know if it worked all the way through though because…the memories keep popping up, one after the other, like a stain that won’t go away,” Will explained.

Alana only stared at him in absolute awe.

“No one’s going to hurt you anymore, Will. I’m going to make sure of it,” Alana choked, bringing him into her arms yet again.

She sniffed a bit and sighed gently. Will finally let out the question he’d been waiting to ask this entire time. “Can I go home now?”

Alana smiled and ran a hand down his face. “No, not yet,” she answered truthfully. “There are officials there right now gathering evidence,” she explained. Will sulked. “Why don’t you stay with me for a while?” Alana asked.

Will looked back up at her in confusion. “You mean at your house?” He asked between sobs.

“Yeah. It’s not safe for you to go back to your place. Besides, I’ve been taking care of your dogs, and I bet they’d be happy to see you again,” Alana mentioned.

“My dogs?”

Alana smiled and laughed a bit to herself. “I’m going to explain your situation to the nice men here. I’ll be right back,” she said, patting his hand gently and standing up to discuss Will’s situation.

Will was left alone in the room yet again.

All he could think about was Hannibal and his betrayal of his trust. He began hyperventilating. He put his head between his knees and ran his hands through his hair.

Hannibal had spent almost two weeks solely taking care of Will and assuring his health and safety, and Will betrayed him. The Stockholm Syndrome that Hannibal had dug into his mind was kicking in. Hannibal once told Will that he wouldn't be able to survive without him- maybe he was right.

It was then that Will realized that he’d made a terrible mistake. He needed to get back to Hannibal, but first he needed to get out of this tiny, compact room. Will looked up, sweat dripping down his brow. There were no windows and the only exit door was guarded by two police officers.

Then, Will slowly looked up: the air vent.

He turned to the door and then back up to the vent and hurried to the small table in the corner of the room and the chair beside it. He stacked the chair on the table and began climbing this tiny, makeshift ladder up to lift the square crosshatch off the ceiling and suddenly jump into the vent, knocking the chair off the table in the process. The noise triggered a guard to open the door. Just in time, Will placed the metal square back on its original place and began crawling through the air vent, his black dress pants collecting up small piles of dust.

“What do you mean he’s gone?!” Alana’s voice echoed through the vent.

Will crawled faster then, trying his best to find his way out near an exit.

“WILL? WILL WHERE ARE YOU?” Alana’s voice called again.

Suddenly, the blaring of an alarm was set off as he hurried his way as fast as he could.

“MR GRAHAM, WE JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU-“ a guard’s voice cried over the alarm as the sound of footsteps rumbled beneath him.

Suddenly, Will’s foot busted through one of the vents and he found himself falling eight feet down, laying on his back on the tile floor with an *“oof.”*

He looked around slowly to find himself at the waiting room area by the front exit. The woman at the front desk stared at him in shock. Will and her shared a second of eye contact before she pulled another alarm and Will scrambled to his feet out the exit doors into the dark parking lot.

“Will! Will, is that you?” Hannibal’s voice cried in the shadows, as a strobe of sun from a flashlight burst through the darkness and shone onto Will. Will squinted over the blinding light and saw Hannibal outside his car, waiting for him.

“Hannibal!” Will cried, running into his arms.

“HANNIBAL, DON’T YOU TOUCH HIM-“ Alana’s voice screamed as the men both turned around and found Dr Alana Bloom in the doorway of the police station, with ten officers behind her with loaded guns.

Hannibal quickly shoved Will in the back seat and slid on in the front, immediately starting the car, pulling out of the parking lot, and speeding down the road.

Alana and the officers sprinted to their cars and raced after them.

“Where are we going?!” Will cried out as Hannibal sped down the empty open road.

“You’ll see. Just buckle yourself in,” Hannibal told him calmly as Will obeyed.

Suddenly, Hannibal reached into the glove compartment and took out a small handgun.

“What is that?! What are you doing?!” Will yelled from the backseat, feeling himself hyperventilating again.

Hannibal didn’t reply. The doctor rolled down his window, reached over and began shooting at the cars behind him.

“NO, STOP!” Will screamed. “*HANNIBAL STOP!”*

Hannibal had blown out the tires of three out of five vehicles before he began hearing the pangs of bullets flying at the car.

“Dammit…” Hannibal growled to himself.

Suddenly, the sound of glass shattering broke the silence and Will let out a bloodcurdling scream.

Hannibal looked back briefly to see Will clutching his right shoulder, red starting to seep through his tux.

“Bastards- I’ll get them for that,” Hannibal mumbled under his breath, speeding up and reaching back again to shoot at the cops tires.

BAM

One more to go.

Hannibal made eye contact with the officer in the front seat of this car, and then his gaze fell onto Alana, who was riding in the passenger seat beside him, holding her own gun.

Hannibal exchanged furious glances with her and in a matter of seconds, the final police car’s front tires were blown out and they spun out of control and onto the grassy side of the road.

“HANNIBAL-“ Alana’s voice screamed in the distance, like an echo of an old memory.

Hannibal smiled and sighed, throwing the gun down on the seat beside him.

“We made it, Will,” He sighed happily.

“Dr-….Dr Lect-Lecter?” Wills voice quietly replied.

Hannibal looked over to find Will’s entire right shoulder was gushing blood. The white blouse under his dark suit was slowly becoming more and more red. Will was holding onto it with his left hand, desperately trying to stop the flow, but it was no use. A stray bullet must have nicked him.

“Will! Stay calm…breathe...Just try to stay awake for a few more minutes, please.”

“They…They know it’s you, Dr Lecter…They know you did this to me…” Will breathed, as he slumped against the seat.

“I know...” Hannibal replied.

“…Why…Why did you wait f’r me?” Will asked, barely able to speak from the intense pain.

“Because I knew you would come back,” Hannibal answered, taking his eyes off the road briefly to smile back at Will thoughtfully.

Will smiled weakly and slumped back on the seat, failing to stay awake as Hannibal had asked of him.

Preparation

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will escape and prepare to leave the country.

Hannibal sped down the open road and soon arrived back at his home. He knew he only had about fifteen minutes until the police would arrive, so he leapt out of the car, slammed open the back door and hauled Will out, carrying him firefighter style over his shoulder and slamming the door behind him. He rushed to the front door and hurried down to the basement. He already sent the nurses home a few days ago after Will stopped fighting the treatment. They were mostly there for security reasons anyway.

Hannibal set the unconscious Will on the operating table, quickly running back upstairs to grab a few empty suitcases. The doctor frantically began organizing and stuffing all the contents of the medicine cabinets in the suitcases, as well as all the small, portable machines he could carry. After zipping them shut, he opened his phone and called up the number of a former colleague of his.

“Hello, can I speak to Dr. Grace Johnson please? Yes, I know it’s late, but it’s a bit of a rush,” Hannibal asked, keeping his voice calm.

As Hannibal held his cell phone between his ear and his shoulder, he began tending to Will, pulling his black blazer out of the way to cut through the white, bloodstained dress shirt.

“Yes, hello Grace. Do you still have that private jet from your trip to the Bahamas last Summer?…Ah perfect. I'm at the airport and I just missed my flight tonight to Florence. I’m set to be there on very important business and I need to be there by tomorrow evening. It’s rather urgent...I will pay you handsomely…Ah, thank you so much. When is the soonest flight?...Perfect, I will be there in about two hours,” Hannibal said, hanging up the phone and stuffing it in his pocket before turning his focus back on Will and taking tweezers to pull out the bullet deep within his shoulder.

After removing the bullet and disposing of it, Hannibal began disinfecting the area again and quickly sewing him up in a matter of minutes. He placed a bandage over the wound and hurried back upstairs to gather his belongings; fine suits, books, and a carrier bag full of his life savings, transferred into Euros. Before kidnapping Will almost two weeks ago, Hannibal knew that he had to risk his own freedom in return for Will's health, unless he prepared the way he did.

He hurried out and placed all the bags in the trunk of his car. He tore off the license plate and replaced it with a fake one and then hurried back down to retrieve Will. Will was still laying limp on the operating table, sleeping peacefully. Hannibal raced up to him, lifted him up over his shoulders firefighter style and rushed up the stairs, shutting off the lights behind him. Hannibal sprinted to the car, laying Will flat against the back seat and hurrying to the drivers position. He started the car ignition and sped away into the night, not looking back at his home or his life behind him.

The car ride to the airport was slow and tedious. When they were about ten minutes away, Hannibal pulled off to the side of the road.

He stepped out of the car and opened the passenger door to check on Will. His hand gently hovered over Will's mouth to check his breathing and then held two fingers on his neck to check his pulse. Slowly, Will began to stir.

"H-Hannib'l…" he groaned, opening his eyes slightly and looking up at the doctor.

Hannibal smiled and held the sides of Will's head and kissed him gently on the forehead. "We're getting out of here, Will— tonight," he explained, briefly moving to the trunk to retrieve a large hard suitcase.

"Where are we going?" Will asked, voice still slurred.

"I have a villa in Florence that we'll be safe at," Dr Lecter replied. "A colleague of mine has agreed to fly us privately there, however, I'll need to secure you as you are classified as a missing person and cannot be seen leaving the country." Hannibal explained, opening the large, empty suitcase down on the pavement.

“Wha-What are y’ gonna do?” Will asked.

“Im going to have to store you in one of these suitcases for the flight,” Hannibal answered.

“Wh-What?!” Will yelled, his voice cracking as he tried to sit up and failed.

“I know you’ve discussed your claustrophobia with me, but there is no other foreseeable option. It’s too late to forge you a fake passport and visa. It’ll be about a ten hour flight, but I’ll see that you’re comfortable.”

Will began to hyperventilate again, eyeing the open suitcase behind him on the ground.

“Won’t the security find me in there?” Will asked.

“We’re riding in a private jet, Will. There is no customs check.”

Will still couldn’t stand the idea of being trapped in such a small, cramped area for an extended period of time, let alone 10 hours.

“Please- there has to be another way?” Will pled Hannibal, but the doctor shook his head.

“Will, I’m going to sedate you for the trip. You won’t be awake for it,” Hannibal finally explained.

Will paused, staring at the doctor with wide, confused eyes. “…What?”

“I’ll see that you sleep through the whole flight. It’ll be over before you know it.”

Will didn’t reply, pondering whether this was best for him or not.

“Unless you’d rather be conscious and cramped in a small, dark space for ten hours…”

“No, no…I’ll do it,” Will agreed nervously.

“Good,” Hannibal replied, smiling sadly.

The doctor took out his phone from his pocket and opened up the tracking app that connected to the device in Will’s back that was installed last week.

Hannibal leaned over and showed Will the screen. Will examined the map and the red blinking dot in the middle of the road. Above the map was a long, red button that read: *ADMINISTER*.

Will's heart fell. This was really happening now.

“Would you do the honors?” Hannibal asked Will, who’s hands were trembling beneath him.

Will looked up at the doctor with teary eyes, realizing that this was the exact moment that his life would change forever. He would never see his dogs again. He would never talk to Alana, or ask for her forgiveness. He would never revisit his old job or go fishing in his favorite lake like he used to on weekends. Now, his life was solely about Hannibal, and Hannibal’s life was solely about Will’s. They were connected at the mind—at the soul—at the heart.

Will wiped a tear from his eye and with a shaky hand, he pressed the button to administer the potent sedative into his veins. Will heard a small beeping coming from his back and he let himself slowly lay back down on the seat.

“Thank you, Will. You’ve done so well—I’m so proud of you,” Hannibal told him as Will felt his arms and legs grow heavy and his eyelids began to sink.

“See you on the other side, I guess,” Will whispered as he was hushed into unconsciousness.

Hannibal brushed Will’s hair back and waited a few moments before grabbing him under the arms and pulling him out of the car and onto the cold pavement beside the suitcase. He curved Will’s body into a fetal position and gently placed him in the carry-on. The doctor reached into his medical bag and pulled out a portal oxygen tank and strapped the face mask onto his patient. The suitcase was big enough that the tank could fit in with Will in the same case, so Hannibal stuffed it beside him and zipped it shut. He then rolled the case into the trunk of the car and continued driving down the long, open country road.

Arrival

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal arrive in Florence to start their new life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Will? Will can you hear me?" Hannibal's voice called out.

Will coughed slightly and gently opened his eyes.

He was laying on an elegant king-sized bed with silk burgundy sheets and a long white four-point canopy draping over him. The bed was set in a gorgeous master bedroom beside a window with a stunning view over Florence, Italy. He was wearing plaid wool pajamas and his hair had been combed and brushed to the side. Hannibal sat on the side of the bed, staring down at Will in wonder.

"Will? Blink twice if you can hear me," Hannibal directed.

Will exhaled, turned his attention back to Hannibal, and blinked twice.

"Good," Hannibal replied.

Will opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out.

"You may have some difficulty speaking. There was a complication on the flight over if you remember. The way in which your neck was bent in the suitcase caused some minor damage to your windpipe. You've been on a ventilator for a few hours so it would make sense for a bit of difficulty breathing or talking," Hannibal explained.

Will furrowed his brow and tried to take in a deep breath to test himself, and was immediately met with pain. He winced visibly and Hannibal chuckled softly and reached into his medical bag for the oxygen tank. He brought the clear mask to Will's face and strapped it around his head.

"This'll help you," he softly said.

As cool, fresh oxygen forced its way through Will's sore esophagus, he immediately felt relief.

Will tried again to speak. He had so many questions and no way to ask them.

"Here-" Hannibal said, reaching into the bag and pulling out the white board and pen. Will took the pen and wrote his first question.

"Where am I?"

"You're in my villa in Florence, remember? The sedatives you were given do have a side effect of amnesia, so it's to be expected that you may not recall everything. We escaped the country after Alana and the police discovered your…treatments."

Suddenly, all the memories came flooding back. Will suddenly unbuttoned the first three buttons on his pajama shirt and examined his right shoulder, which was still bandaged up from the gunshot wound.

"Yes, I imagine you remember that part," Hannibal commented sympathetically. "Are you in any pain right now?" He asked.

Will paused and slowly shook his head.

“That’s a good sign. It means the wound is healing quickly,” Hannibal answered.

Will grabbed the white board again and began writing.

“Whats going to happen to us now?” He wrote.

“Now, we build our new lives. I will continue my psychiatric practices here and I will help nurse you to health until you are ready to find work yourself.”

Will was incredibly overwhelmed. It was hard to believe in the short time period of about two weeks, his entire life was flipped upside down and he had to rebuild his new life from the ground up.

“You could teach English, or start a dog walking service perhaps,” Hannibal offered.

Will then remembered his dogs and how he would never see any of them again. He tried his hardest to resist the tears, but he finally broke down into a quiet sob.

“Oh, darling one…” Hannibal coo’d, bringing Will up to a seated position so he could hug him properly. “Florence is a beautiful city and I’m sure you’ll get accustomed to your new life soon.” The doctor explained, Will’s chin perched on Hannibal’s shoulder, tears streaming down his face uncontrollably.

Hannibal let go and brushed Will’s hair back. “And this time,” he began, wiping a tear from his patient’s eye.

“-I’ll have you all to myself.”

THE END

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who read my fic!! Hope you enjoyed it <3 <3

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